

## OUR DAD

He loved the tranquillity of the bush  
The serenity of the glassy reflection on the lake  
With ripples quivering from where the fly alighted on the water  
Waiting for the trout to bite

He stood there patiently, in his waders  
Thigh deep in the cool waters  
Of Frying Pan, Lake Eucumbene  
One of his favourite places

Returning with his catch  
A couple of rainbow trout  
Cleaned and ready for the barbeque  
Or to add to the stash in the freezer

Around the fire back at the Lodge  
Yarns ensued from books and memories  
Some about his days in the jets  
Flying, spinning, calculating, surviving

Books he'd brought with him  
C.J. Dennis and Banjo Paterson his favourites  
Transporting us back to the bush  
Painting such marvellous pictures with their stories

Morning on the Murrumbidgee with birds all around  
There, one of his favourites, a fairy wren  
Perched on the rail, almost looking in  
So cheeky, tiny, agile, flown away in a blink

A quick drive before returning home, a contender for a race  
Family in the Jag vs a loner in his red MG  
A quick race at high speeds through the narrow, windy country roads with sheep!  
That was his style of a Sunday drive

Back at the house, time for dinner  
No trout tonight, but a sumptuous curry  
He put together from raw ingredients  
Cooked with such love you could smell it, taste it, feel it

Such wit and humour, he could tell a great joke  
He'd catch us by surprise, making us laugh  
Tears welling and rolling down our cheeks  
Tummies hurting as we laughed so much

Debonair, brave, protective and sharp  
A man of few words but you always knew where you stood  
It was the little things that made his eyes light up  
Like a jar of humbugs, with the black and white stripes

We'll miss this man who taught us so much  
His sage one-liners guiding us through our lives  
My brother and I have